

## HARVEST TIME

Summer dragged its heels  
past September  
and well into October

but autumn has now come  
to Lefty's wrecking yard  
warm  
and pumpkin colored  
and the harvest is in

proud as any farmer  
of his bumper crop of Pintos  
and over there a prized Volvo  
purple  
as a turnip  
with a white racing band

Lefty pauses at a pickup  
sprouting rye grass  
through its shattered windshield

kicks a door open  
and flushes out a tabbycat  
sleeping on his crop